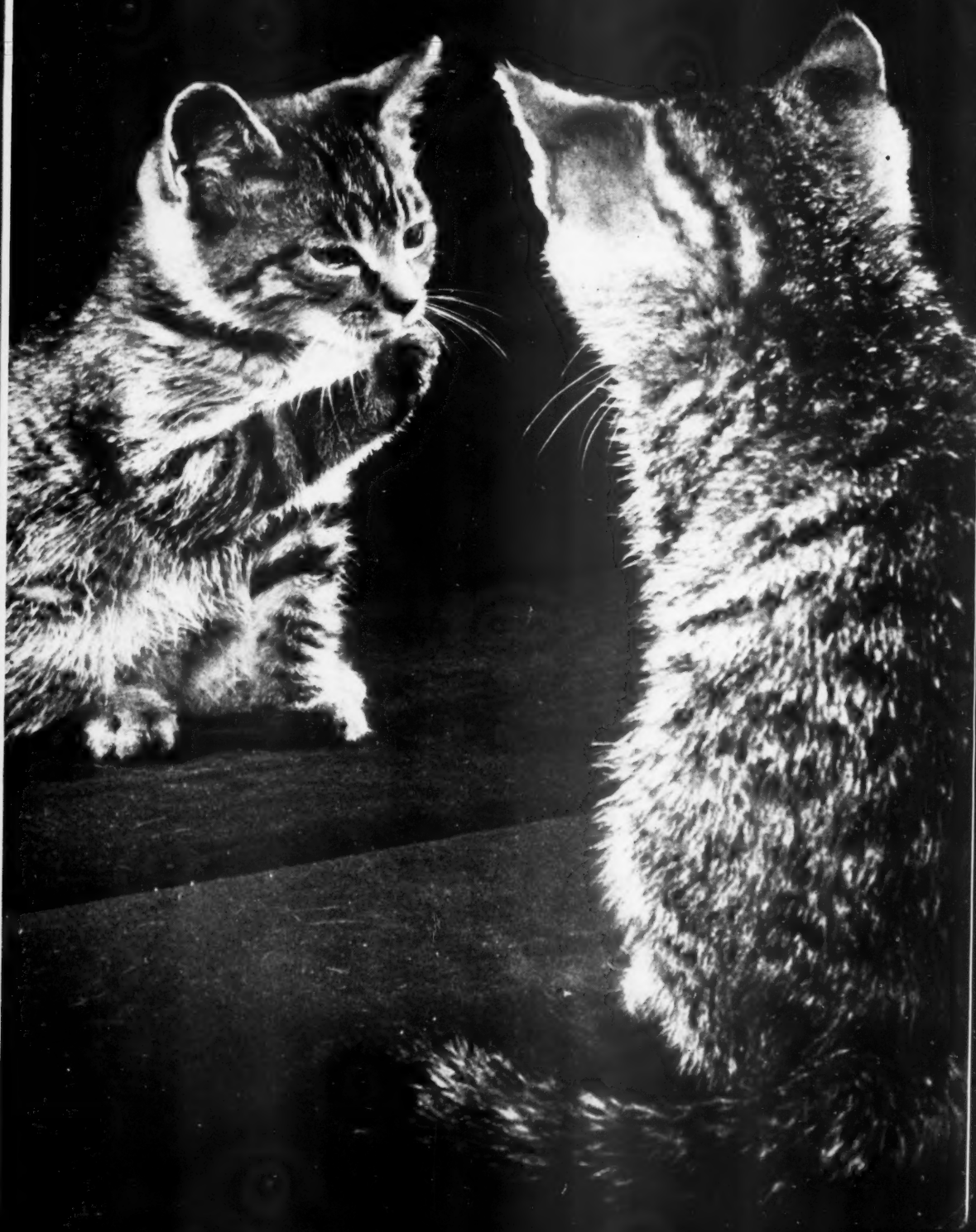


Animals

OUR DUMB



NOV
1943



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
Assistant Editor — WILLIAM M. MORRILL



SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, sixty cents each, within the United States.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.



MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.



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What of Tomorrow?

THE *New York Times*, in an editorial August 5, 1945, pointed out that the late William K. Vanderbilt's estate of \$35,000,000 dwindled to \$5,000,000 by the time the federal government took \$25,000,000 in taxes and New York State five million more.

The editorial emphasizes that it is virtually impossible for anyone to accumulate large fortunes today. For instance, it would be necessary to earn \$85,000 a year for ten years in order to accumulate \$100,000 under today's tax schedules and allowing only modest expenses for living. To accumulate \$1,000,000 would mean annual earnings of \$2,130,000 for ten years, or \$1,075,000 for twenty years.

It is obvious that only very few individuals ever attain such large annual incomes, and the whole matter of financing charitable and educational institutions becomes a serious matter, as many such groups have depended, to a large extent, on wealthy philanthropists to provide the funds with which to operate and expand.

Eleemosynary institutions have, over the years, developed and educated a great many people to contribute regularly to worthy causes, and many are the sons who have followed the habits of their fathers, and, thusly, have continued to give generously. Whether or not the new generation growing up will do likewise is open to debate.

Unless the tax picture changes radically, the era of large legacies is over, and if the work of charities and educational groups is to continue, new sources of income must be found and a different group of donors developed.

A symposium on this important matter would seem to be in order, and worthy of the most intelligent and serious thoughts and suggestions the field can develop.

E. H. H.

OUR AGENTS IN THE FIELD

Following are a few of the typical cases investigated by our agents in their state-wide crusade against cruelty:

Skunks

Several cases involving skunks have recently been reported to our agents. In one case investigation revealed that one of these animals had entered a cellar and was caught behind a beam in trying to escape. Our officer extricated the skunk and released it in a nearby park.

In another case, a skunk had caught his head in a bottle and had become quite weak from lack of air. Our agent picked up the animal and by a steady pull on the jar was able to remove the skunk's head. He then placed the animal on the ground and after it had regained its wind it left the premises under his own power. The agent stayed to make sure as there were a number of children in the yard.

A similar case found a skunk under a front porch with its head caught in a bottle. Our officer found that he could not reach the animal, so he made a hole at one end of the porch and by touching the skunk with a long pole finally induced it to come within reach. He then picked it up, removed the bottle and found the

animal uninjured even after two days in that position.

At another time two skunks were caught in a five-foot pit in a factory. They had been there for four days and could not get out. By letting a rope down with a noose on one end, our officer was able to get hold of one and then the other. Both were brought to the surface and released, uninjured.

Rodeos

Inspecting a rodeo, our officer talked to the manager and asked that no sharp spurs be used. The manager stated that all riders were instructed to that effect. Our agent found 75 horses and two steers all in good condition and discovering two riders with sharp spurs had them removed. One rider was warned twice about the abuse to a horse's mouth, but he failed to follow the warning and when he was forbade to enter his horse, an argument followed. Both the rider and owner of the horse were told that it could not be used as it had an injured mouth and it became necessary to issue a complaint. The rider, a 17-year-old boy, was brought to court, was found delinquent and given one year probation.



"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE"—

seems to be the motto Hospital Nurse Ellen Sullivan is trying to put across to "Chris," convalescent patient, who watches inquisitively as she turns back the hands of the Hospital clock, in accordance with the law recently passed by Congress.



Beloved pet of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Shoo.



"Out of the Heart"

SOME years ago, when one of our great public buildings was nearing completion, a recent writer tells us that the president of a leading university was asked to prepare one or more statements to be inscribed upon the walls of this certain building, as an expression of the highest meaning of law, religion, art, philosophy, science, literature, industry and other central activities of the life of man.

The writer does not give us the name either of the college president or of the public building. Remembering something of the story as we have repeated it, though seeking to know more, we have still been unable to know who the president was or what the building was. However, this is the inscription which he sent in reply to the request:

"Civilization is just the slow process of learning to be kind."

Below these words were written the following lines:

*"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."*

F. H. R.



The Squirrel

*You garrulous, boastful gigolo,
You dance on telegraph wires, as though
A highly powered electric fuse
Has sped your feet in magician's shoes.
I rush and run with urge to do
My pressing duties, just like you.
Your propaganda, "Honest Labor,"
Is fair deal for every neighbor.*

*O, contented ball of silver fur,
Enjoying a meaty chestnut burr,
Your fellowship is a gift I prize.
Are you Plato's spirit in disguise?*

—Julia Edna Parker

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Pompous Papa Penguin

IMAGINE going about all day in full-dress! Foolish, you say? But Papa Penguin doesn't think so. Proudly he struts around, displaying that long white vest, rather comically resembling a little old man with corns. Usually he waddles along quite deliberately, but he can speed up considerably when it's mealtime.

Papa Penguin is strictly a Southerner. He lives way down South near the Antarctic, and, although he is an extensive traveler, he never visits the Northern hemisphere. Of course, he hasn't any means of transportation, having sacrificed his wings for powerful swinging flippers, so he hikes or swims wherever he wants to go. No doubt if Olympic meets were held at the Antarctic, Papa Penguin would win the championship trophy for all-around sports, for he can toddle on ice; toboggan on snow; dive into the sea to a depth of ten fathoms (about sixty feet); and climb a cliff to a height of six hundred or seven hundred feet.

Papa Penguin and his family never travel alone nor live alone, but rather live in communities like people, and go about in large parties. Penguins are very friendly and large parties of them have been known to visit the camps of Antarctic explorers. One such explorer gave an interesting account of how Papa Penguin gets his mate. He picks up a stone in his beak, carries it and lays it at the feet of the penguin he wishes to become Mrs. Penguin. If she accepts him, she picks up the stone in her beak and moves it away from him toward herself. After this ceremony, they set up housekeeping, making their nest in a pile of stones.

Mama Penguin cares for the babies at first, but when they are big enough to go about, the whole community looks after them. Papa Penguin is very devoted to his wife and children, bringing them food while they stay in the nest. Using his flippers, he dives into the sea for little shrimp-like animals, which he

by Florence
de La
Veaux



Photo by Otto F. Rothe

Papa Penguin and some of his good friends and neighbors line up as though listening to a concert. Note that all are properly attired in full dress regalia.

catches on his tongue by swimming, with beak partly open, through water where these little animals are plentiful. Papa Penguin's tongue is barbed, and as the water flows in at the front of his mouth and out at the back on each side, the shrimps are caught on the barbs of his tongue and swallowed. Sometimes he eats so much that food dribbles out of his mouth and he can scarcely waddle. That's

not because he's a glutton, but because that is his way of bringing home food to Mama Penguin and the babies. When he gets back to his stony nest where his family await him, he brings up portions of food from his stomach to his lower beak, from which his family peck at it.

Yes, Papa Penguin has a right to be proud. He always brings home the bacon—or rather, the shrimps.

In the Garden

IT is not often that we are privileged to show a picture that illustrates so well the affection that exists between a human being and an animal.

The photograph at the left is self-revealing of the companionship that prevails between Miss Hilda L. Olson and her beautiful Saint Bernard. Strolling through the gardens of their home at Rockport, Massachusetts, they enjoy the invigorating air and sunshine of that coastal town.

Miss Olson is an ardent admirer of all animals and has long been a friend of our two Societies.



Miss Hilda L. Olson and her pet.

Bargain Day

In pity for the hungry birds
I bought a feeding-station,
And fastened it upon a tree
In eager expectation.

Now my reward, all undeserved,
Is more than I could know—
A sight incredible to see,
This bright bird in the snow.

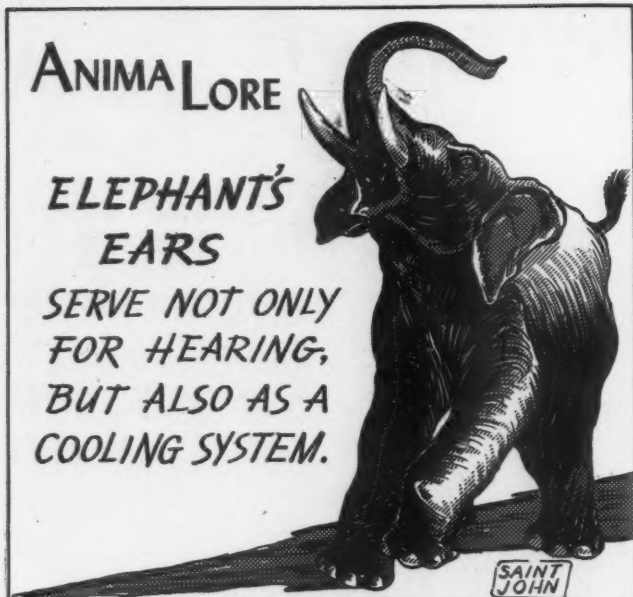
The wonder is, in days like these
When costs forever soar,
A handful of cheap seeds can bring
A cardinal to my door!

—Frances Angevine Gray

ANIMAL LORE

ELEPHANT'S EARS

SERVE NOT ONLY
FOR HEARING,
BUT ALSO AS A
COOLING SYSTEM.



Squirrel Sagacity

DURING the winter, we saw an amazing exhibition of intelligence on the part of a gray squirrel, whose winter home was in a tree near the diningroom window. Just outside the window, we kept a small basket containing shelled peanuts for the chickadees. Discovering this delightful spot one day, the squirrel promptly ate every one of the nuts. So we moved the basket farther way from the ground, but still the squirrel took his plunder. Thinking to thwart him, we fastened the small basket to a pliable wire, and suspended it from a trellis. Noting this change, the squirrel scampered up the trellis, surveyed the scene, and then hustled along the arch of the trellis to the point from which the basket was hung. Swinging himself down, so that he hung by his hind feet, he pulled the basket up hand over hand with his front feet, emptied the nuts out, and then hustled down to the ground where he ate every nut with zest.

—Grace V. Watkins

Furlough in Wyoming

By NEIL W. OWEN

Where are the inhabitants of this wood?
Have slender lives been vanquished by the foe?
Will this dim passage through the trees, record
The ones who conquered cold and snow?

See! Old Moose is still alive! His pointed hoofs have marked the trail.
And these faint streaks prove a porky trudged this way with dragging tail.

This heap of fresh husked cones admit of squirrels overhead,
And where that brush is pressed aside a deer has curved her bed.
The hastening grouse has skimmed the path, concerned with peril near,

(A coyote's feet are following, they left light record here.)
Big Grizzly, too, has crossed the trail, intent on spring below,
A snowshoe rabbit hopped these loops, uncertain where to go.

Friends, take pleasure in your freedom here,
Find comfort in deep woods 'neath quiet sky,
While I return to foes unconquered
Remem'ring, "We must be free or die!"

Animals and Marriage

By IDA M. PARDUE

IN Medieval times there were so many strange beliefs about the influence of animals on marriage it is surprising anyone had the courage to take the leap at all.

No matter how short the distance from home to altar, the trip must have seemed a long and fearful journey. For to even so much as look at a hare, cat, dog, serpent or lizard along the way was a sure sign of grave misfortune. On the other hand, the sight of a spider, toad, or wolf was a favorable sign, but the chances of meeting one of these lucky creatures were slight.

Among the Scottish Highlanders a bird singing on a window sill before a marriage was a good token. However, all this could be upset in an instant, and replaced by bad luck, if a dog were to run between the engaged couple on the way to the church. Precautions were taken to avoid such a disaster.

Call these superstitions if you like, but to our ancestors they were beliefs. Many a couple who could not get along, or who had more than a fair share of setbacks, could, as a rule, remember the cat, or rabbit, who was to blame for it all.

Looking back down the long years from our pedestal of 20th century wisdom, we laugh at these old ideas. But just between us, are we so very different? Nearly every day one may read of a divorce action in which some animal is named as the cause.

For example, a man in New York recently divorced his wife—because she liked dogs too well. A Chicago woman brought suit against her mate on the grounds that he paid more attention to his pets, a monkey and a dog, than to her.

It all boils down to the simple fact that for centuries it has been quite customary to excuse our faults at the expense of dumb animals.



In Alaska, it is against the law to disturb a grizzly bear to take its picture.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Symphony in Patches

by F. J. Worrall

THERE are two ways in which we can view the Giraffe. We see him at the Zoo as a freak of nature; on the other hand, if we regard him as a lovely, delicate creature of the wilds, we find him in his natural haunts under sunny African skies. There he roams in graceful freedom among the colorful mimosa trees and over sandy plains in complete harmony with his surroundings. The giraffe is usually to be found in groups, feeding contentedly in the company of the striped Zebras.

Known once by the ancients as the Camelopard because of his beautiful leopard-like coat and his camel-like gait and habits, this name of the common species is still preserved in scientific archives as *Giraffa camelopardalis*.

The most striking characteristic of the giraffe, of course, is his great size. Being the tallest animal in the world, he attains a height sometimes of eighteen or nineteen feet, the female a foot or two less. Long legs and neck account for his extra inches. He has a short, broad body with prominent shoulder-blades and the forelegs are longer than the hind legs which slope gradually to the tail. The neck carries a short, upstanding mane and the head is delicate and fine, with dark eyes fringed with long lashes. Short thick horns spring from the high forehead over the eyes, peculiar in that they are covered with skin, tufted at the tips with dark hair. These are really not horns at all, but bony prominences which later become part of the skull.

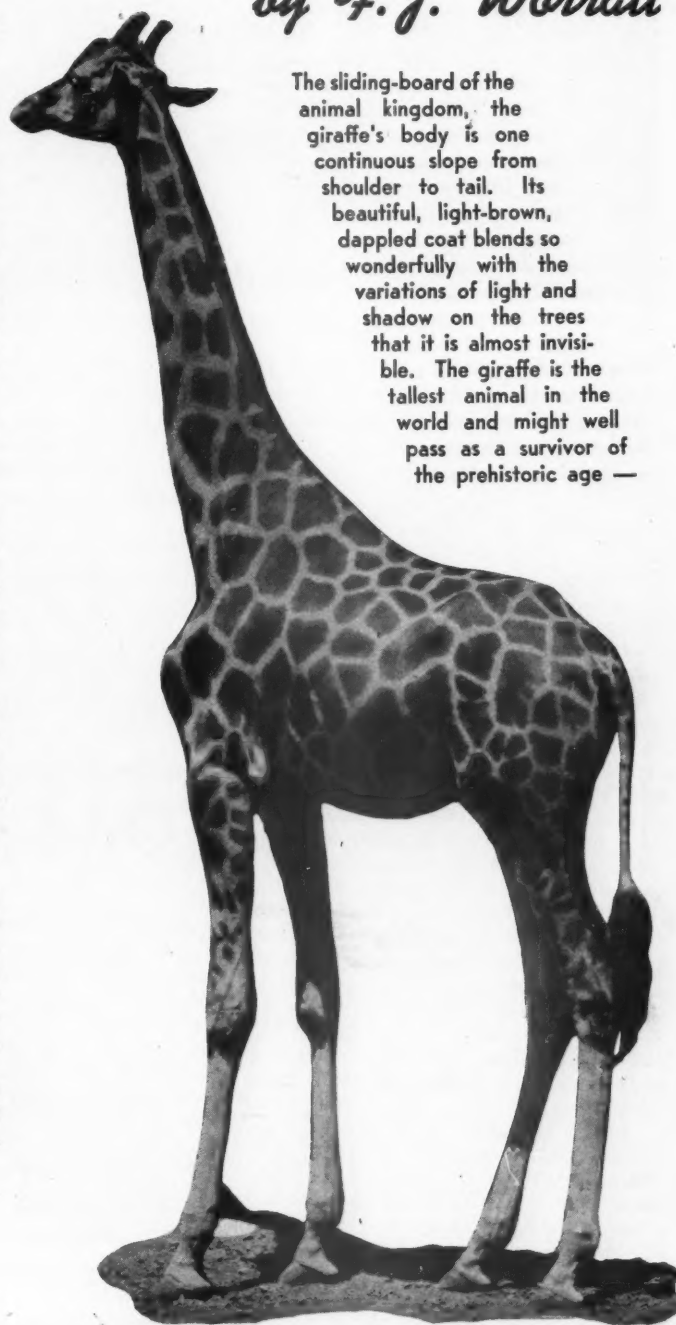
His wide nostrils are of distinct use to an animal living among the blinding sandstorms of the desert for they can be closed at will. His ears are large and pointed.

Fitted for his trek through the desert are the broad cloven hoofs and Nature has also endowed him with a tough hide with which to force a passage through the well-named "wait-a-bit" thorn which grows profusely throughout his native land. By means of his long sensitive tongue and upper lip, he reaches to the tree-tops and gathers in the acacia leaves of which he is so fond.

The giraffe, like the camel, is capable of traveling long distances without water for months at a time. Some naturalists claim that he finds moisture in the succulent watermelons which grow at certain seasons in the desert. However, the fact remains that the giraffe can go waterless for weeks at a time. When drinking or grazing they spread their forelegs widely apart, in order to reach the ground.

Being of mild and pleasant temper, the giraffe is the most harmless of creatures but he is by no means defenseless. Exceptionally wary, keen of eye and ear, he is ever on the alert at the merest hint of danger, and if in need of a weapon, he will lash out with his powerful hoofs as a horse does. He is also capable of delivering a smashing blow with his head which he uses like a croquet mallet, by a swing of his powerful neck.

The giraffe is one of the finest examples of camouflage in the world. His dappled coat blends perfectly with the lights and shades of the mimosa trees and, tall as he is, he is almost invisible.



The sliding-board of the animal kingdom, the giraffe's body is one continuous slope from shoulder to tail. Its beautiful, light-brown, dappled coat blends so wonderfully with the variations of light and shadow on the trees that it is almost invisible. The giraffe is the tallest animal in the world and might well pass as a survivor of the prehistoric age —



FAWN RESCUED BY COAST GUARD SPARS

"Gus" was found in the woods, near the SPAR barracks in Alaska, with a sprained and badly swollen leg. Taken to sick bay for mending, the fawn was soon able to take milk from a bottle and was back on his dainty legs in almost no time. Gus made many friends and even after his release into the forest he continues to drop in occasionally on his friends at the base. In the picture he is shown expressing his thanks to SPAR Maizie Steward.

Feeding of Turtles

IN advising turtle owners what to feed their pets too few writers explain the difference in diet for land turtles and water turtles. Land turtles eat almost any kind of greens, such as dandelions, lettuce, cress, cabbage, etc. Also carrots, fruits, flower petals—especially roses—and many kinds of weeds which they choose for themselves. A land turtle must never be placed in water, as many misinformed persons have tried to do, to their and the turtle's sorrow.

Neither are we told that water turtles cannot swallow *unless they are in the water*; therefore their food must be placed in the water-pan or receptacle in which they swim. The writer had a pet water turtle, which almost starved because his food was always offered to him on a clean paper, placed before him on the grass. Naturally, he never touched it, and it was only by chance that we learned that it must be tossed to him while he was in the water. A water turtle may be fed flies and some of the prepared turtle foods, but he prefers bits of shredded beef of other raw meats, also bits of raw fish.

Although a water turtle loves to swim and it is cruel to deprive him of a pan

large enough for him to play in, he must be able to get out of it when he wants to, and to walk around on terra firma. Also, —and this is true for both kinds of turtles—they must be placed where they can enjoy the sunlight for at least a part of each day.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

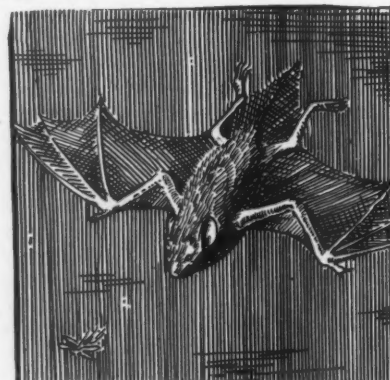
By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Smart Traffic Dodger

An ugly thing, but friendly, is
The nightly flying bat;
He never has a traffic crash,
But dodges this and that.

He gobbles up mosquitoes, and
Some other bugs, no end;
Though mean things have been said of him,
He really is our friend!



The Grenadiers' Cat

CURIOUS mascots had seen military service long before the Army mule, Navy goat and regimental dog became the traditional mascots of America's fighting forces. But it is seldom a household cat has gone into battle, which makes the story of the "Grenadiers' cat" the more remarkable.

The Grenadiers' cat belonged to the 42nd Royal Highlanders, popularly known as the Black Watch. It was picked up at the Bulgarian encampment of Gevrackler and embarked at Varna when the troops sailed for service in the Crimean war of 1854.

Some weeks later the regiment went into action at Alma. During the battle an officer passed a chance remark about the cat. "Here it is, sir!" replied a trooper, opening his haversack. There lay the cat, curled up in its tight quarters, unruffled by the pounding of the guns on the heights above the Alma.

"Bell," as the cat was named, came through its first battle without a scratch. The trooper who carried it into action, and cared for the cat during subsequent weeks of campaigning, was relieved from all fatigue and guard duty by regimental order. It was an official acknowledgment of the morale-building effect of mascots generally.

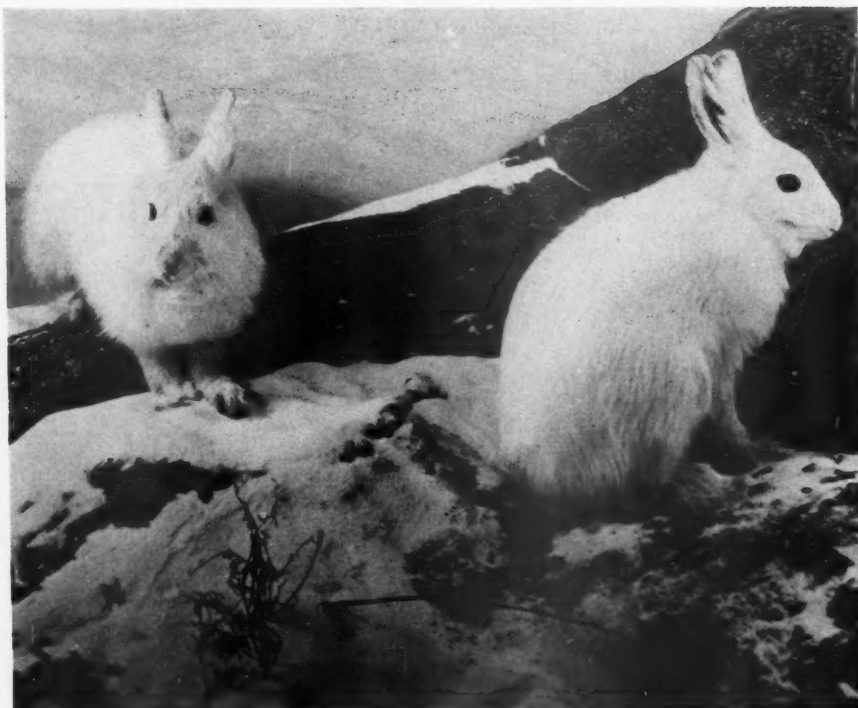
But the Crimean winter was tough on Bell, as it was on thousands of soldiers at that time. The cat sickened, was confined to the regimental hospital for a while, and at length died at Balaklava. A soldier's burial was given Bell, the Grenadiers' cat, by the men of the Black Watch. It was a rare feline honor for one of the few cats ever to see front line action in any army.

—Jasper B. Sinclair

When Animals Sleep

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

• SNOWSHOE RABBITS •



WILDLIFE must have a certain amount of sleep, like human beings, or death will ensue. But the members of the animal kingdom vary greatly in their sleeping habits and naturalists, by protracted study, have learned what they are.

One summer night I happened to be walking near the shore of a reedy lake frequented by ducks, geese and other waterfowl. It was a good chance to observe the birds asleep, because the moonlight rivaled daylight in brilliance and I knew that a large flock of ducks had "bedded down" near the tules. So, keeping very still, I worked my way through the cat-tails until I was only a few yards from them. Everything was very quiet. Not a breath of air stirred. The water was motionless. Nor did a sound come from the somnolent ducks. They were clustered together and each had its head tucked snugly beneath a wing, sleeping peacefully and blissfully unconscious of any danger. As I watched I could not help thinking how easy it would be for some roaming coyote, cougar or other marauder to steal up and have a late dinner.

Upland birds such as grouse usually take refuge at night among the dense branches of evergreen trees, going to sleep early and also rising early to visit the nearest spring or creek for a morning drink. I have often seen pheasants roosting in trees, although this gorgeous creature does most of its sleeping on the ground.

Owls and hawks get most of their rest in the daytime, because their sharp vision under cover of darkness helps them to prey on squirrels and other vermin at night. Their eyes are infinitely sharper than those of men. In fact, they are telescopic to a degree. They can see clearly with the naked eye distant objects that would require the use of binoculars

for human beings to see. Bats, too, sleep in the daytime, hunting for insects for food after dusk settles over the outdoors.

Going into the animal realm, bears sleep most of the winter months. This is known to naturalists as hibernation. They awaken in the spring, half-starved, and immediately emerge from their secluded dens to forage for food. The cubs are born in the spring. They are very small at birth, but quickly grow and by fall are good-sized specimens of the bruin world. Chipmunks, those tiny fur-bearers of the pine-covered hills, also go into hibernation during the late fall and swing into action again after the snow melts along about March or April.

Such valuable fur-bearers as mink and beaver do their sleeping out of sight. Mink rest from their long night rambles in holes in the banks of streams. Beavers sleep either in their lodges or in bank dens. There are two types of beavers, one living in lodges or houses built by the animals themselves in ponds, or in underwater burrows. The entrances to the latter are always below the water line in order to keep enemies away, but the nest itself is high and dry.

The beautiful and large snowshoe rabbit, so named because of the size of his feet, sleeps under piles of brush or in plainly visible holes in the deep snow, which he digs with his own paws. He is never too safe, because all around him prowl foxes, mink, cougars, coyotes and other killers. But the snowshoe has one great advantage. During the autumn months he changes from brown to white and thus is difficult to see in winter time when snow covers the ground. Further-

more, his huge feet prevent him from sinking into even soft snow and he is thus able to outdistance many pursuers. Most animals' paws are small in proportion to their weight and sink into the snow quite far. Hence, they are unable to travel rapidly.

Many animals know by instinct the beneficial effects of the sun's rays and like to sleep for hours stretched out in the sun. This is particularly true of domestic pets, like dogs and cats; but some of the wild creatures also follow this practice. I once observed a young coyote sleeping curled up in a desert waste. He not only received the direct rays of Old Sol, but the sand on which he lay was warm, too. Most wild animals are light sleepers because they have so many enemies.



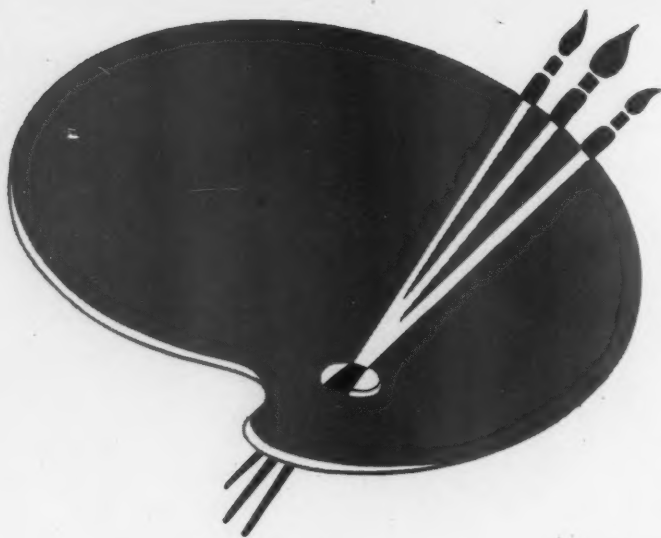
Short Tale

By LUCILE VANCE

*I'm just a little puppy dog,
I eat and sleep all day,
Except when I am chasing things
And then I run and play.*

*I chase most everything that moves,
And some of them I get,
But not my funny little tail,
I haven't caught it yet.*

*I chase it round and round and round,
And try my best to stretch it.
I'll have to wait, until it grows,
And then I know I'll catch it!*



An Artist's

WE are happy this month to give our readers a preview of a few pencil sketches by Miss Rosina J. Burnell, talented artist, of Arlington, Massachusetts.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic which marks all of Miss Burnell's work is the consummate artistry of minute detail and life-like portraiture of her subjects.

A lover of all animal life, Miss Burnell possesses the keen insight into animal behavior so necessary in portraying the various moods of her subjects. She has taken the greatest delight in delineating the many phases of expression in her own two pets, the Boston Terriers in the illustration in the lower right corner.

So successful has she become in her chosen career, that she has been commissioned repeatedly to produce drawings of family pets, that their memories might be projected even after death has deprived the owners of their physical presence.

What finer memorial to a loyal and loving pet!

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▲ UP A TREE.

TRUE AFFECTION. ▼



s Pencil Portraits of Animals



◀ PORTRAIT OF MARMONTE NIVILLE.

➡ DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

JUNIOR TAKES A LESSON FROM
THE MASTER.



Mule Cuts Blackout Short

THERE'S one mule in Kansas City that definitely dislikes the dark and for a time had a clever way of getting around the blackout rules imposed on the barn. The mule's name is "Maud" and she lives at the City Farm where lights are turned off each night. That is, the workers insisted they turned them off, but in some mysterious way the lights were always on at night.

One night the manager, Cyriel Provyn, hid in the barn to find out just who was being careless with the lights. All of the workmen left and the last one to go pulled the cord and the barn was in darkness.

Maud, whose pet hate is the word blackout, calmly walked over to the string attached to the ceiling switch and gave it a jerk with her teeth. The lights went on and Maud walked back to her stall.

—M. M. Farmer

Dogs and Reasoning Power

AN English class in the public school once had to write a paragraph on "People disagree as to whether dogs can reason." That was some twenty years ago—the other day as I went through some of my old composition books, I had to stop and read the paper, mainly because it was marked with a large "A."

"People disagree as to whether a dog can reason. I favor the fact that a well-trained dog can reason, reason to the extent of his training. Man is taught, first a language, then the basic foundation for logical reasoning power with the acquired language. Could man but pierce the wall of normal metaphor with a dog, the power of reasoning could be transferred to the animal, he could be taught the figurative difference between right and wrong, the proper and improper meaning of everyday problems requiring the use of rational reasoning. . . . But then, with the mastery of reasoning would man still term a dog 'man's best friend?'"

—Lew Head

The Protector

A lady was in the habit of letting her canary out of its cage every day, and had taught a favorite cat not to touch it. One morning as it was picking up crumbs from the carpet, the cat seized it suddenly, and jumped with it in her mouth to the top of the table. The lady was much alarmed at first for the safety of her pet bird, but, on turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just entered the room. After the lady had put out the strange cat, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without having done it the slightest injury.

—G. W. L.

ANIMAL LAND

There are countless records of dogs barking to awaken sleepers endangered by fire, or flood. But "Geepy," a Washington, D. C., mongrel exhibited unusual intelligence recently when he realized that the house was flooded with gas. He apparently reasoned that the gas may have already partly suffocated his mistress, so instead of barking he jumped on her bed and taking her hair between his teeth pulled until she was aroused. It developed that a serious leak in the kitchen was emitting enough gas to overcome the occupants quickly and but for Geepy's prompt and ingenious warning a tragedy would have resulted.

A California war worker has solved the alarm clock shortage by pressing into service his brother's fox terrier, who, promptly at six a.m. scratches on the sleeper's door and barks until he succeeds in getting proper results. The strangest part of the story is that the dog never disturbs his client on the latter's day off.

In June, 1944, "Bosco," a small dog, was shipped to Glendale, Calif., to visit his 17-year-old master. When the young man called at the express office for his dog, he found instead a big hole gnawed in the top of the crate which once had contained Bosco. Advertisements were run, rewards were offered, but no news was heard of the missing canine. Meanwhile, the family returned to its Knoxville home, but to a new address. The next incident, according to the papers, occurred in March, 1945, when one of the family riding by the old homestead, noticed a much bedraggled Bosco sitting on the front porch. In order to make this trip the dog traveled over 2,000 miles, over mountains, deserts and rivers.

It is doubtful if any member of the mule family will object if I suggest that they are not noted for great intelligence. But Uncle Sam's Army claims to have such an animal that is infallible as a weather prophet. When a storm is imminent he brays. It is said that this mule has nearly a dozen grades of "bray," from which can be detected the severity of the coming "falling weather."

At least one soldier, eligible for mustering out on the point system, refused to board the returning ship because the authorities would not admit his dog mascot.

—Jack Pearson

Faithful Dog

By H. E. ZIMMERMAN

JOE" is a beautiful, soft-eyed brown setter, whose gentle and dignified ways endear him to everyone who knows him. "Silvertip" was a member of the household also, and she and Joe were good friends.

The time arrived when it became necessary for Mrs. F., their mistress, to move to an eastern city. She placed Joe with a friend, but only temporary arrangements could be made for the cat. After several weeks in the eastern city Mrs. F. returned to close her affairs and to take Joe to a new home. She was told that Joe had become a regular gadabout, leaving the house each morning after breakfast and not returning till dusk.

Joe left the house as usual the next morning. When he returned that night a card was tied to his collar, and on it was written, "To whom does this lovely dog belong?"

The next afternoon Mrs. F. called at the address given on the card, and was joyfully welcomed by Joe himself, who stood back and looked from his mistress to his hostess, as though to say, "This is the lady who befriended me in your absence. I am happy to have you know each other." The lady invited Mrs. F. in. She said she had noticed Joe on her return from market one morning, attracted by his beauty. She called him, and he was so loving and gentle, she took him into the house for her invalid mother to see, and he had spent every day with them from then on.

"Does the cat belong to you also?" asked the hostess. Going into the hall she called, "Kitty, Kitty," and, to Mrs. F.'s amazement, in walked Silvertip.

"One morning Joe was late in arriving," said the hostess, "and I went to the door several times to look for him. I finally saw him in the distance, running a short way, sitting a few minutes, and then running again. As I drew nearer, I saw that he waited each time for a small cat to catch up with him. When he saw me he ran to me, whining excitedly, then ran back to the cat, then to me, as if to say, 'I have brought a friend. Won't you take her in, too?' He wagged his tail and barked joyously when I picked up the cat, and we started back to the house."

Mrs. F. asked the woman if she would keep Silvertip, and she said, "Yes, indeed! I couldn't go back on Joe." So Mrs. F. was able to go to her new home, happy in the consciousness that Silvertip would be well cared for, thanks to the faithfulness of a dog.



LOUISE MORGAN, "BABY" AND "MIKE"

An Inseparable Trio

IF the question of loyalty between "Baby" and "Mike" were put to Miss Louise Morgan, she would probably hesitate a minute before answering. She, then, would probably explain that each one holds a unique position in her heart. Baby is her much beloved Scotty; Mike (microphone), her constant, though inanimate, companion. As for Miss Morgan herself, hers is that friendly voice that comes to you at 8:35 in the morning from WNAC's Yankee Network.

But speaking of Baby, it seems that she was the eighth and only female in a litter of eight puppies born on the Fourth of July. And, although she was the runt of the family she is the only one still alive. And if you don't think Baby is very important you should listen to Miss Morgan. She has found that her radio audience delights in listening to news about Baby's doings and, as a result, Baby is sandwiched in between talk of hats, shoes and other garments too numerous to mention.

On one occasion, when a man listener heard Miss Morgan telling how much her black Baby liked to run out in the morning and stick her head in the snow, he exclaimed, "Now, what do you suppose Louise Morgan is doing with a negro child?" His wife then had to explain to him that Baby was in reality a dog.

Despite her loyalty to Baby, however, Miss Morgan has room in her heart for all animals and is one of our Society's

most ardent admirers, as proved by her many favorable comments over the air.

Proof positive that Miss Morgan's heart is in the right place is the story of how Richard Murphy, a little Dorchester boy, received the "best birthday present he could get"—a puppy to take the place of his "Pal" who died.

The whole thing started when friends of the lad's mother, who signed themselves, "Louise Morgan's Fans," wrote her telling of his plight. They said that Richard had emptied his piggy bank to pay for a visit from the dog doctor when Pal was sick, but it was too late. The worst of it was that his older brother, then serving overseas in the Navy, had given him the dog.

Miss Morgan appealed to her radio audience with the pathetic story and received almost numberless calls and letters with offers of everything from a pekingese to a black and white mongrel. She took the first offer and the puppy was delivered to Richard just in time for his twelfth birthday.

Her genuine sincerity so manifests itself over the air that perfect strangers frequently call on her for advice. One woman, in particular, wrote and asked her to lunch as she wanted to talk with Miss Morgan about her son who was lost in the war. Needless to say the luncheon was scheduled and the woman made happy by Miss Morgan's sympathy and sincere advice.

Forest Memory

By CALVIN WALKER

THE Maples, on that hillside forest, are probably gnarled with age. The once slender birches, suppliant to wind and weather, have either died or acquired enormous girth. Under the firs the needle carpet is thicker, more resilient — no longer inured to the sudden bloom of pulpit or lady slipper. And in the glade below, the timeless old brook runs a little thinner—its pools no longer the haven of the Rainbow.

I don't suppose Betty ever goes there any more; ever drives out that clay-packed road to the cut-off where the maples and the birches grow. She's a grown woman now and probably has children of her own. And if she has, it is more than likely that they have a dog—a hound dog, with unruly ears and watery, sagging, kindly eyes. And the children might sometimes wonder why their mother is so insistent that they take care of her, and that she is not too long away from home. And, not so strangely either, the dog may well be called—"Patsy."

On that long-ago hillside, when the maples were smooth-boled and the birches the smallest of trees, Patsy the hound met a porcupine. She had her only offspring with her then—an awkward, roly-poly little creature, with the promise of her own flapping ears and watery drooping eyes. But Patsy could have gone on about her business. She could have ignored the lumbering armored hulk. Instead, stirred by maternal anxiety, she savagely attacked that well-defended creature. Then, her mouth a cushion of quills, she started down the pain-filled hours to starvation.

Father found her when the barbs had almost completed their mission. She was alone, then, and out of her mind. Pain had become a distant thing in her tired body; a pain that ascertained the hopelessness of her condition. Then we led her gently into the shade of the biggest maple and relieved her from pain, forever. Then, too, beneath the resilient moss, we buried her—laid her gently in the warm untroubled earth. And, from the brook, we brought clean bright stones and, with kneeling care, hedged her narrow grave.

When Betty arrived, several hours later, she carried a puerile bouquet garnered with meticulous care from the fields behind her home. And as I led her along the old cut-off, I knew that fresh tears were starting again from eyes already inflamed and swollen. And I knew, too, when we reached the maple and the quiet, shady silence—and Betty knelt in the cushioning moss—that she was experiencing her first great sorrow. That, against the unfolding years, Patsy would color her life—would, in fact, color the lives of those to follow.

HUMANE EDUCATION

Practical Projects for Teachers and Parents • by Dorothea Clark

When Winter Comes

NOVEMBER . . . a month of gray and cold and stillness. The fields have turned brown. The woods have lost their russets and golds. The only sound is the rustling of dry leaves that still cling to the oaks or beeches. The pond has a thin coat of ice on its surface. Can it be that this is the same place where life moved so briskly only a few short weeks ago? Are these the same woods where birds flitted and sang in such exuberant choruses? Where are the inhabitants of the fields that furnished such ceaseless motion? In the distance the throaty call of the chickadee reminds one that a few creatures are still claiming this as their domain. A gray squirrel on the edge of the woods leaps from one tree branch to another. Yes, some animals are still about us; but, when compared with the profusion of sound and movement of the past few months, their presence is likely to pass unnoticed. It is a cheerless time indeed, if we did not know that with the return of warmth and sun and greenness, the abundant life would return again.

Where have the animals gone and where will they spend the cold days of winter? Crickets, grasshoppers, and other forms of insect life have completed their life cycles. With the approach of cold weather they commonly die, although some adults and immature forms live through the winter. But for many, the life work is done and the eggs are safely deposited beneath the soil, in crevices, or on plant stems and twigs awaiting the warmth of the spring sunshine.

One striking response to the coming of winter is the great migratory movement that occurs. The migration of birds is most noticeable. Earlier in the season, flocks of birds might have been seen feeding together or congregating in conspicuous places. Now they have disappeared. Just as surely as the leaves begin to appear on the trees, do we know these birds will return again in the spring.

What wonderful tales they might be able to tell about their travels if only we could understand. Different species of birds go to very definite places each year. Some travel only to the southern part of the United States, while others go much farther south to South America. The hummingbird, the smallest of the travelers, goes to Brazil to spend the

winter. When one considers that a young hummingbird, less than six months old, travels such a great distance one cannot help but be awed by the accomplishment. How do these travelers find their way? How do they know where to stop? How do they find their way back to the same city and neighborhood in the spring? These are questions that arouse much wonder and speculation. Still other migrations are those of the large flocks of Monarch butterflies swarming together and flying southward. A localized kind of migration is that of the earthworms. These animals move downward in the soil several feet with the approach of freezing weather.

Another way of meeting the winter cold and the lack of food is that found among the animals that have blood of varying temperatures. That is, the body temperature varies with that of the environment. This is true of such animals as insects, fish, reptiles, frogs, and toads. In the insect group, many of the immature forms have the problem of surviving the cold weather. Some of them spend this period in the resting stage as a cocoon or a chrysalid. Others burrow underground below the frost line where the cold will not reach them. Many of these insects go through a process of dehydration or losing of water, so that, if the cold does penetrate their bodies, freezing will not harm them. This same process is used by insects in the very warm regions to help them survive excessive heat or dryness.

Fish, living in water, are not likely to freeze. They merely become somewhat sluggish and do not feed as much. Frogs and toads, as the cold weather approaches, burrow into the mud at the bottom of the pond; and in a short time the life processes all but stop. Their bodies stiffen and practically all activity ceases until spring comes again. The practice is essentially the same for turtles except for the place they choose for hibernation. Turtles that live in ponds burrow in the mud at the bottom, while those turtles that live on land, such as the box and wood turtles, burrow underground.

Mammals follow two different methods of sleeping. There are those that are deep sleepers and those that sleep lightly. The latter usually have a store of food

nearby upon which they can feed when they awaken during the winter. The varying ways in which they store their food makes their acquaintance fascinating. The gray squirrel is one most often seen as he buries the nuts and acorns during the fall and early winter. It is his tracks we see occasionally during the winter in the snow as he goes from one place to another endeavoring to find the nuts he has hidden away. The red squirrel hides his store of food close at hand so that he does not have to leave his warm nest to look for food. The chipmunk and some of the mice store their food supplies in a similar way. But the muskrat and the beaver have much more unique pantries. The muskrat's winter home is quite commonly seen projecting above the surface of the ice-covered pond like a small dome. The entrance to the house is by way of an under-water approach. The lodge itself is made of roots and stalks of marsh plants, such as cattails or sweet flag. When the muskrats become hungry during the winter, they start eating these roots and stalks. If the winter is long, or if they have not made the walls of their house sufficiently thick, the house gets rather thin by spring. The beaver follows a similar custom. Of course, the beaver lodge is larger and it is made of small saplings of poplar, alder, and birch. These are stored near the house at the bottom of the pond where some bark is always at hand for a hungry beaver.

The deep sleepers are the woodchuck, the black bear, the bat, the skunk, the raccoon, and the chipmunk. This deep sleep, like migration, is not wholly understood as to its causes. The body temperature of these animals is relatively high in the summer and it is known to drop as the lower temperatures of winter prevail. When the body temperature drops, body processes all but cease. The animal enters into a profound sleep which ends only with the returning spring. The woodchuck selects a hillside where he digs out a burrow with two exits. The bear selects a hollow tree or cave in an untraveled part of the country. The bat may find a hollow tree or even hang himself upside down in a cellar or chimney. The skunk lazily occupies some hole made by another animal who seldom disputes the skunk's claim to the property.

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The raccoon is a "deep sleeper."

Meanwhile, there are wakeful and watching creatures still about. They are so furtive and quiet they often escape human notice until they invade man's domain. The tracks they leave in the snow are often the only signs we see of them. Tiny prints tell us of the presence of field mice. We may see that the bark of a young fruit tree has been nibbled. This, too, may be the work of field mice. In some parts of the country foxes hunt through the winter. These active animals have thicker pelts which help to keep them warm, but they must depend largely upon the food they find to maintain body activity. One can occasionally see the snowshoe-like tracks of the weasel whose feet have a special covering of hair. This hair covering furnishes support when traveling over snow.

Thus, the woods and fields of late fall, apparently barren and nearly devoid of life, are peopled with many living things.

Kindergarten, Grades One, Two, Three

I. BASIC IDEA: Animals spend the winter in many ways.

II. SUBJECT MATTER: When Winter comes.

III. SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES:

Watch the activities of the squirrels and chipmunks.

Discover where they are carrying food. Scatter food for these animals; see what they do with it.

Make a list of all the animals you see about.

Make a list of any animals that you used to see about that are not around now.

Take a census of all the domesticated animals of your neighborhood.

Visit a farm to see how the farmer has prepared for the winter care of his animals.

Find as many different winter homes of animals as possible (woodchuck, insect cocoons, squirrel's nest, muskrats, mud wasp nest).

IV DESIRABLE LEARNINGS:

Specific Ideas:

Some animals are active all winter.

Animals need food to keep warm.

Some animals store food for winter.

Many birds go south.

Attitudes:

A kindness towards animals.

Self-control in watching animals that are feeding.

These attitudes are expressed as follows: The child discovers animals that are found in his neighborhood.

He remembers to feed the animals and birds near his home.

He learns to stand still while watching wild animals and birds feed.

He refrains from disturbing animals in their winter homes.

Grades Four, Five, Six

I. BASIC IDEA: Animals that are active all winter require much food to keep them warm and to furnish the energy required for their activities.

II. SUBJECT MATTER: When Winter comes.

III. SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES:

Learn to recognize the footprints animals make in the snow (cat, dog, rabbit, squirrel, birds).

Draw these prints or make plaster of Paris models of them.

Follow the tracks of an animal in the snow and try to read the story it tells.

Where was it going?

How fast did it travel?

Was it walking or running?

Did anything interesting or unusual happen during its journey?

Visit the zoo to study the feet of animals living there.

How many different kinds of feet do you find?

Can you discover how each different kind of foot is of use to the animal possessing it?

Make a list of mammals that feed on the food man needs; after each one tell the good or harm it does.

Discuss with the local or state S.P.C.A. whether the laws for the protection of these animals are adequate.

IV. DESIRABLE LEARNINGS:

Specific Ideas:

Animals that are active during the winter season are fitted to meet the changed environment in various ways.

Mammals have thicker pelts.

The feet and legs of some animals help them to travel through deep snow or on the surface of the snow.

Food habits of animals help them to meet the greater energy requirements.

Often the animals that are active during the winter months feed upon food man needs for his own use.

Such animals may need to be controlled.

Attitudes:

A sense of fair play based upon the recognition that animals have certain needs and rights.

A sense of justice which guides the child to seek for the whole truth about any animal before condemning it as an offender. These attitudes are indicated as follows:

The child balances the good and the harm that animals do before judging them.

He is willing to accept the opinion of an authority on the value of individual animals.

He recognizes that he is not sufficiently mature to exercise control of animals himself.

REFERENCE MATERIALS

Books of Reference: (Titles marked with * are for children)

Anthony, H. E., editor: *Animals of America*:—Mammals of America, Garden City Publishing Co.

Deals with mammals of North America. For each mammal there is a (1) technical scientific account and (2) a popular, narrative article. Many photographs.

Anthony, H. E.—*Field Book of North American Mammals*, G. P. Putnam.

Descriptive account of characteristics, food habits, enemies, and life habits of all the mammals of North America.

**Cornell Rural School Leaflet Vol. XIX, Number 2*—Dept. of Rural Education, New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University.

Larger Mammals—Brief narrative accounts of mammals; life history charts; directions for making plaster casts of animal tracks.

**Cornell Rural School Leaflet Vol. XXX, Number 3*—Dept. of Rural Education, New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University.

Fields in Winter—Accounts of the inhabitants of fields and how they meet winter conditions.

Morgan, Ann H.—*Field Book of Animals in Winter*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An indispensable book for adults. Several chapters which deal with the various ways in which animals meet the problems of surviving winter season; particularly good in discussion on hibernation; followed by a detailed account of the habits of all animals (worms, insects, fish, etc., as well as mammals).

National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—*Wild Animals of North America*—Text by Ed. W. Nelson; illustrations by Louis Agassiz Fuertes; drawings of animal tracks by Ernest Thompson Seton.

*Schmidt, K. P.—*Homes and Habits of Wild Animals*, M. A. Donohue & Co.

A scientific, accurate series of narrative accounts dealing with some of the common mammals and their habits; well illustrated; older children.

*Stearns, David M.—*Chuckle, The Story of a Woodchuck*, Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. *Whisk, The Story of a Chipmunk*. *Sniffy, The Story of a Skunk*.

All three stories are charmingly told and well illustrated.



Winter forage for the deer.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

Now we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from one of your parents or your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

Old Clothes Line Post

By David Powers (Age 7)

I have two kittens. Mother has an old clothes line post. There is a hole in it. The kittens climbed up the post. One fell in. The other tried to pull him out. He fell in, too. I had to get them both out.

My Pet

By Joan Austin (Age 7)

"Judy" is my pet dog. My brothers and I like to play with her. She is a friendly dog, but when a stranger comes to the door, she barks.

Buddy

By Kenneth Housman (Age 11)

My dog's name is "Buddy." He is mostly Newfoundland. He is all black except for white feet and breast.

When I was a baby we lived in Hampden. I could just walk then. I went down to the dirt road. All of a sudden a car came up the road. My dog dashed through two screen doors, ran down the road, picked me up by my pants, pushed me out of the road, and stood over me until the car was out of sight.

I am eleven years old and Buddy has been with me ten years. He is the most splendid dog in the world, I think.



Photo by James R. Parker

TUG OF WAR

My Kitten

By Regina Zonin (Age 9)

Last year my family gave me a kitten for a birthday present. The next morning I took her to our store.

We didn't know what to call her, so my mother thought of an Italian name, and now we call her "Bellina" which means cute. She is very intelligent and catches mice in the store.

One warm day I went out to play with her. I went into the house for a second and when I came out again she was out of sight. I heard a cry above me. I looked up into the tree and there she was! My father had to get a ladder to get her down.

My Pet Chipmunk

By Norma Mattoon (Age 8)

Last summer at our camp in the Berkshires, I had a very special pet—a little chipmunk. My father showed me how to tame him. He would take peanuts from my hand. He would fill his mouth with nuts and carry them away to his winter storehouse. When he was hungry he cracked the nuts and ate them in my hand. I am looking forward to seeing him soon.

My Dog

By Barbara Hanson (Age 7)

One day our doggie ran away;
We thought he just went out to play;
We looked about with greatest care.
We couldn't find him anywhere.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

New Contest for Children

IN our September issue, we opened a new Animal Contest for our young readers. For you who missed the last two issues and would like the chance of winning one of our 28 prizes, just send your subscription and ask that it start with the September issue.

Be sure to read the following contest rules before starting.

Rules for Animal Contest

1. This contest is open to all paid subscribers to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 15 years of age or under.
2. Prizes will be as follows:
First Prize\$25.00 Third Prize\$5.00
Second Prize 10.00 Twenty-five \$1.00 prizes.
3. With the first entry enclose **OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK** found on this page, signed by your teacher. Only **ONE** entry blank is needed for entire contest.
4. This contest will run for six months, one set of puzzles in each issue of this magazine for **FIVE** months. The sixth entry will consist of a scrapbook of not more than eight pages, including the cover, made up of interesting pictures or stories selected from your copies of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**. **BE SURE TO SAVE YOUR MAGAZINES.** Start right now thinking about **YOUR** scrapbook entry. It will be judged for its attractiveness and originality.
5. You may send in each set of puzzles as you complete them, being sure your first set is accompanied by the official entry blank, properly signed, or you may submit all five sets and scrap book together (with **OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK**) at the completion of the contest.
6. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, February 25, 1946.
7. Each entry, whether sent separately or all together, must bear the contestant's name and address (the same address to which **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** is being sent).
8. Address your entries to **ANIMAL CONTEST EDITOR, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.**
9. Winners will be notified by letter and their names will appear in the June issue of the magazine.
10. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be given and the decision of the judges will be final. We regret that we cannot enter into any correspondence concerning the contest.
11. All entries become the property of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** and none can be returned.

A special subscription rate of 75c will be allowed to all contestants.

Please send to

OUR DUMB ANIMALS
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Third Puzzle Set

BELOW we have listed fifteen familiar phrases which, when completed with the name of an animal or bird, will give you the outstanding characteristics usually attributed to these creatures. In some cases the description might fit more than one animal and allowance will be made in these cases.

Write your answers in the blank spaces, cut out the whole puzzle and send as your third entry. (EXAMPLE —Silly as a **goose**.)

Busy as a
Happy as a
Graceful as a
Bold as a
Playful as a
Slippery as an
Crazy as a
Blind as a
Stubborn as a
Cunning as a
Big as an
Quiet as a
Friendly as a
Proud as a
Wise as an

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Name.....
(Please Print)
Address.....
(Street)
.....
(City and Zone) (State)
Age.....
.....
(Have your teacher fill in the next three lines)
Teacher.....
(Signature)
School.....
Address.....
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YOUNG MUSICIAN AND HER DOG
An accomplished pianist, Anne Marit Studness, poses with her pet, "Dolf."

"Pongie" By JAMES BARR

SOME people would probably describe our "Pongie" as just a "common alley cat," but they would have to admit that he is a splendid specimen with his sleek, jet-black coat and bushy tail. Pongie is a well-cared-for cat. He gets the best of food and is never turned out at night. He is possessed of an overpowering sense of affection which he distributes to all and sundry; even approaching strange and menacing dogs with a sublime confidence, born of sheer ignorance, which seems to so astonish the said dogs that, so far, he is still quite intact.

I have always been fond of the old fellow since he joined our menage some ten years ago as a plump and very animated ball of black fur; but, until quite recently, my feelings towards him could hardly be described as respect. However, thereby hangs Pongie's tale!

One evening recently my wife announced, with a touch of concern in her voice: "Pongie didn't finish his supper again tonight."

"That's funny," I replied, "Wasn't it on Wednesday last week that he refused to take his supper, and isn't that the day the Chinese fish pedlar comes?"

"Oh! I'm sure it isn't that," my wife responded, "I've watched him and John only gives him a few little scraps. I'm afraid I'll have to give Pongie some medicine."

The following week I happened to be home from business on Wednesday. I

was working at the front boulevard when the venerable fish pedlar arrived and laid his heavy baskets on the sidewalk.

Like the genie of Aladdin, Pongie appeared from nowhere and commenced to indulge in an orgy of affection which included the Chinaman's legs, his baskets and our front gate. The Chinaman delved into his baskets and placed a few scraps of fish. Pongie pounced on the scraps of fish and darted off in the direction of our back garden. Sure enough, it was only a small quantity of fish as my wife had said and certainly not sufficient to put a healthy cat off his evening meal.

The Chinaman, having delivered his order, shouldered his baskets and proceeded to the next house. His baskets had hardly touched the sidewalk in front of the next house when a large black cat jumped from the verandah. This cat rubbed affectionately against the fish pedlar's legs, received a few scraps of fish and trotted off.

Fascinated, I followed the fish pedlar's slow progress along the block. At the next two houses a familiar black figure met him with, I suspect, an air of innocent expectation and received offerings of fish.

The mystery of Pongie's periodic abstinence from his evening meal was cleared up. There is only one big black cat in the block and he, need I say it, is our Pongie!

Rooks Love Play

By JOHN H. SPICER

THE rooks love to play. These birds of the Old World, cousins of our common crows, are among the most intelligent of the feathered folk and more social in their habits than most. They have often been seen together in large flocks in the fields, apparently just to have a good time and enjoy their favorite sport together.

This is an exciting aerial game, something like the power dives performed by test pilots or by dive bombers. Part of the flock remains on the ground as an audience, cawing and walking about in an excited manner while the ones whose turn it is to perform will circle higher and higher into the air. When they get about 400 to 500 feet up, each bird in turn folds its wings and drops like a stone. Then when only forty or fifty feet above the ground, the performer suddenly spreads its wings and puts on the brakes. For a few moments it skids and swerves about in the wildest manner and then lights on the ground. There it walks about for a while, watches the other birds take their turn and caws as if comparing notes with its friends before repeating the stunt.

On one occasion a naturalist who had been watching the birds at this game reported that the rooks mounted until they were almost out of sight, a height of several thousand feet, before folding their wings and starting their dive. In a downward plunge from this height the birds would reach a terrific speed before putting on the brakes and one can easily imagine that they got plenty of excitement from their game.

These playful parties are usually held in February, but the rooks are sometimes seen enjoying their exciting game in the early autumn as well.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two distinct radio programs.

In Boston, "Bird and Animal Lore" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Saturday, at 2:05 P. M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, Mrs. Charlena Kibbe broadcasts a similar program each Tuesday, at 2:15 P. M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

Calendar of Animals

So popular are these new calendars that we had to place an additional order with our printers.

Now, for a limited time, you can once again procure attractive calendars for 1946, composed of 12 pages and cover, each illustrated with a true-to-life photograph of our animal friends.

Price ten cents each

Button, Button ----?

Yes, buttons are here again!

Do you remember the attractive celluloid buttons we used to stock—those with the picture of a horse, dog, cat and bird in full color?

They are once again available in three styles — those bearing the inscriptions, Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S. P. C. A. In addition to these, we can also furnish Band of Mercy buttons consisting of a white star on a dark blue background with gold border and lettering.

Price — two cents each, any style.

Send your order now to:

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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